

... american express, Athens Greece:

fucker, you might at least send me a couple of your books

I don't read anymore unless

I get them free

you write a good letter but then

a lot of them write good

letters

but when it comes to writing the poem

they tighten up and die like a

wax museum.

and, baby, I see you've been around:

Evergreen Review, Poetry etc.

I cannot

make these golden outhouses of

culture and have long since

given up.

I will never have a house in the valley with

little stone men to water my

lawn.

as I get older

(and I am getting older)

I can look at a green gardenhouse

(not mine)

for hours or I can look at

these swinging elephant ears outside the window

they are caught between the wind and me and

the stinking sun

and the sea is 20 miles south and west and

I have not seen the sea for maybe 3

years and

maybe it's not there anymore and maybe I'm

not here anymore.

and the only time I begin to feel here

is when I drink the yellow beer down so fast and so

long that the electric light bulb looks like the

sun and my woman looks like a jr. highschool girl with schoolbooks and

there is not a dent in the world and

Pound has shaved and

the bulldog smiles.

now,
for a cigarette. cancer and I
have an understanding like a
whore paid for. I haven't been to a
charity ward and slugged to my knees for some
time
all the stale dog blood of mine everywhere like
puke
but I keep thinking that there have been men who
died for something or
thought they did
and so somehow
there's this sense of waste in
just seeming to die for yourself with
nobody around
not even a nurse
just
this last time
an old man of 80
talking to you down on the floor while you are
hemorrhaging,
talking from his bed:
"shut up! I want to SLEEP!"

well, he'll get his
sleep.

and, I write about him and I know about L. you long-dicked
hound, she writes me, but you are there
with her. I'm surprised that she
belches and giggles and farts and
that she's a green-eyed nut, just the same
give her a kiss for me or anything you
feel like giving,
and send

book,

yrs., the damnation kid of
West-end off,
buk

— Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Chas. Bukowski's Crucifix In A Deathhand has been issued and is
available from The Independent (239 Park Ave. S., N. Y., N. Y.
10003) for \$7.50 signed. The format is superior to the previous
book (etching by Noel Rockmore) and Buk is in good form. Worth
the money. Bukowski's "Practice" in Wormwood: 15 will be in-
cluded in Borestone Mountain's Best Poems of 1964.